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WE learn from one of our exchanges that the Superintendent of the New York City Police has taken away the clubs used by the force on the ground that a great deal of unnecessary and cruel clubbing has been done in controlling peaceful crowds, where those in front received blows when pressed forward by persons in the rear. A baton has been substituted, which, we presume, is something similar to the weapon used by our policemen. The club may be an unnecessarily severe weapon, but it is manifestly necessary for a policeman to have some effective weapon, so that he may not be reduced to the use of his pistol. An unhappy illustration of this occurred here in the case of Police Constable Campbell, who, in an effort to save his life, took that of his prisoner by using a pistol, his baton having been wrenched from him by his assailants. Speaking of which case, though one must deplore the unhappy result, no blame whatever can be attributable to the constable, who had either to use his pistol or lie on the ground and have his brains knocked out. As our contemporary remarks, in dealing with the vicious and turbulent, vigorous measures are sometimes necessary, and the club or baton is a more merciful weapon than the pistol.

A Star, presumably of the first magnitude, in one of our city churches—a pastor who, by the way, was ordained to “preach the *Gospel* to every creature”—has been taking a holiday from his proper sphere of work by trying, on a recent Sunday, to find out “why lawyers are poor church-goers.” We are not aware that these “naughty” people are either better or worse than their neighbours in this respect. Our reverend critic, however, seems to know more about us than we do ourselves, and, therefore, may be correct. But, if such be the case, the answer to the question would not be very hard to find if all the ministers of the Gospel are like the one who asks the question. Lawyers, with all their faults, are generally logical, and, by reason of their training, inclined to observe the “eternal fitness of things,” and would not, therefore, if disposed to go to a “place of worship,” select a meeting where the object of the orator is apparently to make his audience laugh by cracking stale jokes about lawyers. We like these jokes ourselves when reasonably fresh, and give our readers all we come across; but when we feel inclined for a hearty laugh, we naturally go to a comic opera, a circus, or a nigger minstrel show *on a week day*.

The newspaper report gives the following tit-bit out of the sermon: “A lady had tried about a dozen town lawyers to take up a case for her involving some \$100,000, but had been unable to find an honest man among them to whom she could trust her affairs. She brought her papers to me, and asked me to find an